### THE WONDERFUL COROT.

On the 20th of May, 1881 (sald John Nichelss, in the smoking room of the Gallis), I spent me day and part of the night at the house of greed friend Scott Jordan, President of the Blochsburgh and Lycoming Railroad. Jordan has a lines in one of the charming suburban neighborhoods a few miles out of Pailadelphia. Hischara ter d serves a word.

He is an intensely superstitions, intensely practical man a 1910 of a class raugh more namerous than people will readily bulieve. Balla denen railron is, conceived, built, equippel, and run to the profit of their legitimate owners, near witness to his honesty and sound business sense. If further evidence of his worldly judgment is wanted, it may be found in a safe full of marketable securities. In his power of managing men and handling compliested enterprises, Scott Jordan comes nearer to my idea of Thomas Brassey than doos any other capitalist-contractor I know. His name on a Board of Direction is a guarantee of conserrative, prudent, yet never timid manage nent. I wish he would undertake the compmollership of my modest finances, to the last dollar I possess. He is a companionable old rentleman, and likes to be considered as a man of taste. He is in the full sense a man of the world while concerned with the affairs of this world, yet he spends nearly half his life in an other-a strange world where banjos play and bells ring without human hands, where ghostly arms are stretened forth from behind th surtains of the unknown, and dim forms belonging to every age of history meet face to face. Jordan's house is the happy hunting ground of all the professional chariatans in the spiritraising line. They fasten to him like leechesthe rappers, the test mediums, the healing mediums, the physical manifestation people and

prosperous and shabby. Jordan has told me that these gentry cost him twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a year. When they come to his door he welcomes them as aids in his tireless investigation of truth. They live like princes in his establishment; every morning brings its honorarium for the performance of the night before. Jordan royally entertains his Exptians and Greeks until he detects them in some piece of imposture cruder than usual. Then he talks to them like a grieved parent, ships them off with a free pass over one of his railroads, and is all ready to go through the same process with the next comer.

the rope trers, the clairvoyants, the controlled

of every sort, male and female, young and old,

You will understand now, gentlemen, that I had looked forward with considerable interest tomr visit to Jordan's house.

Although the family was entertaining several professionals. I found that I was the only socia guest. I make this distinction, but Jordan pever does. You can hardly help liking the old fellow the better for the magnificent old-school courtesy with which he treats the seedlest humbug of the lot.

"It is they who condescend," he is accustomed to say, somewhat pompously, "when they honor me with their company; for do they not bring with them the kings and great posts and artists and the wisest and best of ever contury ?"

And if Jordan's testimony is accorded the same weight in this matter as it would have in any railroad suit in any court in Pennsylvania. the wisest and best of every century, from Secrates down to George Washington, have, in

fact, visited his private cabinet.
At the dinner table I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. John Roberts and his brother William the celebrated cabinet mediums; fellows with villainous faces. I was also presented in due form to Mr. Helder, a gentleman of consumptive appearance, who is said to possess remarkable developing powers; a fat lady whose name I have forgotten, but who practises medicine under inspiration of the eminen Dr. Rush; Mrs. Blackwell, the materializing medium, and her daughter, introduced as Mrs. Work, a young lady with black eyes, said to be a flower and modelling medium of rare promise. At no time did I see any Mr. Work. I thought the flower and modelling medium looked at me with not unkind eyes during din-The behavior of the other professionals indicated suspicious reserve. They furtively watched me, as if trying to guess the depth of my penetration. I contrived to drop a few remarks that seemed to encourage them. Jordan was joyial and wholly unconscious of all this

lu my friend's library, after dinner, there was the usual jugglery, with the gas turned half way down. A small extension room, separated by porfiere from the library, served as a cabinet. William Roberts suffered me to tie him with a clothes line. He produced some of the com moner manifestations, and then declared that the conditions were unfavorable. At Jordan's urgent request, Mrs. Biackwell went into the cabinet. Hands and vague white faces were shown between the curtains. The lights were turned still lower. Mrs. Work touched the piano, singing in a very musical voice, "Scots wha hae" and "Coming through the Rye." The persistent repetition of these airs finally elisited a full-length figure in a cloud of white. and the apparition was pronounced to be Mary, Queen of Scots. Mary withdrew and reappeared several times. At last, as if gaining courage she rentured forth from the cabinet, advanced a yard or more into the room, and courtesled Jerdan called my attention in a whisper to the supernal beauty of her face and annarel. In a reverent voice he inquired if she would permit a stranger to approach. A slight inclination of Mary's head granted the boon. I stood face to face with the Queen; she allowed my hand to rest lightly for a second upon one of the folds of mult that draped her form. Her face was so near mine that even in the dim light I could see her eyes shining through the eye holes of her abourd papier-maché mask. The impulse to seize Mary and expose the ridiculous imposture was almost irresistible. I must have raised my hands unconsciously. for the Queen took fright and disappeared behind the portiers. Mrs. Work hastily left the plane and turned up the gas. In the glance that she gave me I read a piteous appeal. Jordan's face was beaming with satisfaction. "So beautiful," he murmured, "and so gra-

"Yes, beautiful," I repeated, still looking at the flower and modelling medium; "beautiful and uncommonly gracious!"

"Thanks!" she waispered. "You are gen-Half ashamed of myseif as the voluntary accomplice of vulgar tricksters. I listened with growing impatience to Jordan's ecstatic account of other materializations not less marvelloss and convincing than this of Mary, Queen of Scots. The mediums had returned to the ordinary occupations of evening leisure. The Founger Roberts and Mr. Heider were playing backgammon, conversing at the same time in low roices. The fat representative of Dr. Rush was asleep in her chair. Mrs. Work was erocheting. Her mother was sipping brandy and water-a necessary restorative, Jordan was careful to tell me, after the draught made upon her vital forces by the recent materialization of Mary. The situation would have been thor-Sughir commonplace had it not been for occasonal rattling detonations, or successions of charp raps, apparently in the ceiling, in the tartition walls, all over the furniture, and undermeath the floor.

Ther are playful to-night," said Roberts. looking up from his backgammon board.
"Yes," said Mrs. Work's mother, as she Fired her brandy and water. "They are very

fond of Mr. Jordan. They hover around him acrays. Sometimes, when my inner vision is hearer I see the air full of their beautiful tions, following him wherever he goes. They Rest and reward him for his great interest in

"Mr. Jordan," said I. "do you never find 2-stanif imposed on ?"

"And your repeated discoveries of imposture." I persisted, "have not shaken your

faith ? "Why should they?" repiled the railroad President, "Nine hundred and ninety-nine experiments with negative results prove noth ing; but the one thousandth case if estab lished, proves everything. Demonstrated once, the cosmbility of communication with disembodied spirits is demonstrated forever."

A fusiliade of raps in every part of the room greated this proposition.
"I grant that," said L. "Prove one instance of the interference of spirits in the affairs of men and you have established the whole case."

"But you believe," he rejoined, with a smile that the thousandth and absolutely authentic natance will never be proved; and meanwhile you reserve the right to explain away all such things as you have seen to-night by the hypothesis of juggiery."

"I'm sure the gentleman doesn't think that." insinuated Mrs. Blackwell, who had now finished her brandy and water.

"Nevertheless," continued Jordan, "the one thousandth instance may happen, may happen at any time, and may happen to you. Come and see my pictures."

I tried to keep a grave face while my host did the honors of a score or more of Raphaels. Titians, Correggios, Guidos, and what not, all painted in his own house by mediums under aspiration. Jordan's old masters make a collection probably unlike any other on earth.
When he demanded what I thought of the inernal evidence of their authenticity. I was able to raply with perfect truthfulness that nobody ould mistake them.

From this amazing trash I turned with feel ings of relief to a landscape hanging in the hall-way. "I moved it out here," said Jordan, "to make room for that superb Carracci, Daniel in the Lion's Den—the large canvas you particu-larly admired."

I looked at the old gentleman to see if he was n earnest. Then I looked again at the glorious landscape.

Here was no painted fiction, but truth itself: A clump of rounded willows, seen by early morning light and seen again in the perfectly calm water of the canal or sluggish stream which they overhung; a skiff, resting partly on the water and partly on the wet grass of the nearer bank; beyond, an indistinct distance and the outline of a chateau tower with the conical Burgundian peak: a marvellous humid atmosphere of blue and mist, a soft light enveloping everything and careesing everything. No painted fiction, I say, but a window through which any one having eyes might survey Na-

ture in her eternal truth.
I said: "That comes nearer to the super natural than anything I have ever seen. It is worth all your old masters together."

"You like it?" said he. "It is well enough, I suppose, though of a school for which I have no particular fancy. It was painted here about year ago by a spirit who did not choose t identify himself."

"Nonsense," said I, for this passed all endurance. "Corot has been dead five years." Jordan ied the way back into the library. "Mrs. Work," said he, "do you remember the

circumstances under which the large landscape in the hall—the hazy green one—was painted? 'Certainly," replied the young lady, looking up from her needles; "I recollect very well. It

was painted through me." In claiming the authorship of this wonderful work of genius, she used the same matter-offact tone in which she would have acknowle edged a stork and sunflower in crewel, or a sleeping passy cat in Berlin wools.

"And you are an artist yourself-that is to say. when not in the trance state?" "Oh, yes," she replied, returning my gaze with unflinching eyes: and thereupon she produced from one of Mr. Jordan's portfolios

preposterous bunch of lilacs in water color. Meanwhile, Jordan had been rummaging in his desk. He now brought forth an account book. "Here we have it." he said. "all set down in black and white." In the middle of a page of similar memorands I read this item: 1880, May 13 .- Pd. M. A. Work for painting done under

" All I can say, Madam," I exciaimed, turning to Mrs. Work, " is that Knoedler or Avery would have been most happy to pay you \$10,000 for that Corot, for Corot it is, and a masterpiece at that."

od night," said Jordan a little later. when I rose to retire. "After what you have already experienced I need hardly warn you not to be disturbed by any noises you may hear in your bedroom." A hall storm of raps punctuated his sentance, "They hover, hover around." Mrs. Blackwell was saying. as I left the library;

but in this house it is as guardian-" I went to bed thoroughly bewildered. Was there, after all, behind this wretched jack-inthe-box jugglery something incomprehensible. unexplainable, unspeakable-something which the juggiers themselves understood no better Queen of Scots, ogling me through her pasteboard mask, and of Jordan's rhapsody over her unearthly beauty, the problem seemed too ignoble to engage an intelligent man's attention for a single minute; but there was the Corot, The whole machinery of raps, hands, ropes, apparitions, guitars, Raphaels, Correggios, and Carraccis was almost childish in its simplicity; but there again was the Corot. Every train of logical thought, every analytical process led, me

back to the marvellous Corot, One of three things must be true: The picture was a commonplace daub, like the old masters, and I was laboring under a strange delusion or hallucination in regard to its merits. Or, Mrs. Work and her accomplices had procured a Corot unknown to connoisseurs and had sold it for one five-hundredth part of its market value, to bolster up a petty deception. Or, the landscape was a marvel and the manper of its production a miracle. The first supposition was the most plausible, yet I was not disposed to accept it at the expense of my selfpossession and judgment; no doubt daylight would confirm my estimate of the picture. The second supposition involved a degree of follydisinterested and expensive folly-on the part of these precious mediums that did not tally with my observations of their character. To accept the third supposition was, of course, to accept the theory of the spiritualists. Thus reasoning I fell asleep, and was awakened, about half-past two o'clock, by a muffed hammering directly beneath my bed.

Now, gentlemen, what followed passed very rapidly, but every incident is distinct in my memory, and I ask you to reserve judgment until you have heard me through.

The noise came from the room under mine. As nearly as I could judge, this was the library. Notwithstanding Jordan's advice, I determined to see what was the matter. I jumped into my trousers and cautiously proceeded toward the stairway. At the head of the stairs a door opened as I passed and a hand was laid upon

my shoulder. Don't go down!" was engerly whispered into my ear. "Don't go down! Return to your

A white figure stood before me. It was the flower and modelling medium in her night dress, her black hair all loose.

Why should I not go down?" I demanded. Are you afraid that I shall embarrass the spirits in their carpenter work?"

She spoke hurriedly and with evident excitement: "You believe it all a fraud, but it isn't. There's fraud enough, Lord knows, for mediums must live; but, then, there are thingsonce in a while, not often-that stun us." 'Tell me the truth about the Corot."

"As truly as I stand here, it was produced in the way we said—on my easel, with my brush held in my hand, yet not by me. I can tell you no more, for I know no more." The noise of pounding down stairs increased. 'And if I go down, shall I encounter one of

dark lantern in his hand, was developing the combination lock of Jordan's safe.

In my brief and not victorious struggle with the three rascals I must have received some burt upon the head. My eyes were half blinded with blood. With a vague idea of shouting for help at the foot of the stairs. I staggered back into the lower hall, closely pushed by two of the mediums. I heard one of them whisper, "Hit hard! it's got to be done," and saw a heavy iron bar raised and aimed at my bead.

At this moment I stood directly in front of the Corot. Even in the imperfect light, that wonderful glimpse of nature opened beside me like a window in the wall. In another instant the crowbar would have buried itself in my skull. Then there reached my ears a cry from the hend of the stairs, where I had left the flower medium standing. "Jump! Jump into the pieture! For God's sake, jump!"

Resting one hand upon the frame, as upon a window sill. I launched myself against the canvas. The weapon descended, but I was already beyond its range. I fell, fell, fell, as if falling through infinite space, yet partially borne up by invisible hands. Then I found myself upon the wet grass of the canal bank, I jumped into the skiff and hurriedly poled it across the stream; and then, having reached the other bank, I fainted dead away under the willows.

snowy linen in the Hôtel Dieu at Dijon, with a good Sister to take care of me. Here is a translation of the entry in the hospital books:

188), May 21 -Received from Monsieuf the Mayor of Flavigny an Unknown, found early this morning, uncon-scious, and only partially clad, on the bank of the canal of Burgandy, near the limits of the arrondissement Injuries-Severe scalp wound and slight fracture of the right parietal hone. Property-One pair of trousers, one night shirt, pair slipper. Means of identification-None

Gentlemen, that is the end of my statement of facts. I am now on my way back to America. I shall establish the interference of spirits in human affairs by affording conclusive evidence that a wonderful picture was painted by a dead artist; that this picture was used by the spirits in my behalf as a way of escape out of mortal danger, and that, by the most extraordinary instance of levitation on record. I was borne bodily more than three thousand miles in a few Do not laugh just yet. To the scientific world

and to all fair-minded investigators of the truth of spiritualism, I shall soon offer in the way of 1. The register of the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia for May 19, 1881. I stopped there on my way to visit Jordan. My name will be

found under that date.

2. The testimony of Mr. Jordan and his fam. ily that I was with them at Bryn Mawr on May 20, 1881, up to 11 o'clock at night.

3. The duly attested record of my admission to the hospital at Dijon, France, on May 21, 1881. 4. The wonderful picture now in the possession of Jordan.

II. DEAR SIR: In reply to your note of inquiry. I beg leave to say that our common friend, Mr. John Nicholas, has been under my care for more than a year, with the exception of two months spent in the Côte d'Or in charge of another medical attendant. The facts in his unfortunate case are accu-

rately set forth (up to a certain point) in his own narrative, as outlined by you. Mr. Nicholas's recollection is not trustworthy in regard to events happening after he had suffered a severe blow on the head in his encounter with thieves. As to the value of his estimate of the merits of the picture upon which his delusion is founded I cannot speak. I have never seen it. It may be well to say, however, that prior to his departure for France, Mr. Nicholas was in the habit of attributing the picture to an American artist, some years ago deceased. As he used to tell the story, it was not to Burgundy but to Wissahlekon Valley that he was transported by evitation.

I also beg leave to say that this mania does not affect his sanity in all other respects; nor do I see reason to despair of his entire recovery.

Yours respectfully, HOBACE P. DANIELS, M. D.

### HE GOT INTO THE WRUNG HOUSE. The Mov. Dr. Gage's Adventure with a Burn lar-The Minister Captures him. From the Hartford Courant.

For some time past Mr. Frank A. Thompson, General Agent of the Phoenix Life Insurance Company, has been occupying the residence of the Rev. Dr. Gage, on Asylum avenue, during the absence of the family. On Saturday Mr. Thompson moved away, and it is supposed that the house was watched, and believed to be empty. However, Dr. Oage was occupying it. Yesterday attornoon, about 4 o'clock, he locked up the bremises and came down town. Shortly after 8 o'clock he returned, intending to pass the remainder of the evening in his study, reading. He unlocked the front door, seepoed into the hall, where it was pitch dark, and closed the door. An instant later is heard a movement in the direction of his study, which opens upon the intended to the following the country of the countr

### A Left-Handed Lung Tester. From the Orbinain Desputch.

"Oh. often." he replied. "Frequently by made of the mysteries that you speak of!"

"No, but you will run into great danger. It is for your own sake I ask you not to go." By this time I was in the lower ball.

Down stairs I discovered the Roberts brothers in the county of the mysteries that you not to go." By this time I was in the lower ball.

Down stairs I discovered the Roberts brothers in the county of the mysteries that you not to go." By this time I was in the lower ball.

Down stairs I discovered the Roberts brothers in the county of the mysteries shat you not to go." By this time I was in the lower ball.

Down stairs I discovered the Roberts brothers in the county of the mysteries about the strength of all times, and invited a girt in the company to hit im the breast. She said she was letthanded had been washing that day, was tired, and didn't teel very senter. It is time I was in the lower ball.

Down stairs I discovered the Roberts brothers in the county of the mysteries that you not to go." By this time I was in the lower ball.

Down stairs I discovered the Roberts brothers in the county of the mysteries that you not to go." By this time I was in the lower ball.

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Down stairs I discovered the Roberts brothers in the county of the mysteries that you not to go." By this time I was in the lower ball.

Down stairs I discovered the Roberts brothers in the county of the mystering about the strength of his time I was in the lower ball.

Down stairs I discovered the Roberts brothers in the county of his time I was in the lower ball.

Beat of it in the county and was bread, and didn't teel were consent in the county and was the day of his time I was in the lower ball.

Beat of it is time I was in the lower ball.

Bown stairs I discovered the Roberts brothers in the county and was the and was bread, and didn't teel was and the his time I was in the lower ball.

Bown stairs I al

## PORMS WORTH READING.

Moral Comettes. From the Springfill Republican Te who would save your features florid, Little limbs, bright eyes, in wrinkled forchead, From age's devestation forcid. Adopt this plan: Twill make, in climates cold or terrid, A hale old man.

Avoid in vouth juxurious dick. Restrain the passions' lawless riot; Devoted to domestic quiet,
No wiely gay;
So shall ye, suite of age's flat,
Resist decay.

Seek not in Nammon-worship pleasure. But find your richest, dearest treasure. In books, friends, minic, belind leisure: The mind, not sense, Made the sole scale by which ye measure Tour opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,
Live's purset, sweetest, best appliance,
That disappoints not man's reliance,
Whate'er his state;
But challenges, with calm deflance,
Time, fortune, (ate.

### The Tale of a Cat-tall

From the Inter-Ocean. Down in a swamp where the alders bloom.
A wearv cat-tail hung its head.
"My heart is wrauped around with gloom;
I would, I would that I were dead!

"Why am I not a fair moss rose,
That a poet's strain might tell of me,
Or a maidea press me to her nose
And geatly, tenderly smell of me?
Oh, how I bemoan my humble walk!"
And a large lear trickled down the stalk
Of the sorrowful, weeping cat tall.

"But since my lot with grief is rife,
Since tate, cruel fate, so decrees,
Pildo my best, and the orange of life
I will most thoroughly squeeze:
And Pil fitt my head—I will, indeed—
And put off for a period going to seed,"
Said this very virtuous cat-tail.

So it pushed aside the green leaves that
Surrounded it like a closet.
And the neighboring plants were astonished at
It great anisons deposit
On other cattails it looked quite down,
For hone grew so perhoric and brown
As this noble-hearted out-tail.

Bierer and browner the cat-tail grew, Till at last, one summer day.

A maiden lair, with eyes of block,
Came driving along that way.

She had studied artisine decoration,
and gave a delighted exclamation.

When she saw the nobis cat-tail.

She spared it not; in its noble prime
She cut it short on the spot;
But it knew it was near its seed; time,
Ami would rather be cut than not
And it sim: Sterupted its sleet, lat side,
With its revisi joy and honest pride,
This stout but modest cat tail. The maiden showed to all her friends.
Her captured cat-tail, brown and tall:
She made it a bow with loops and soda,
And hung it is against the wall.
The humble cat-tail was much classed,

For by its side there hang in state
Some Kensington work on dannel,
While a one-legged stork looked for its mate,
From a pleasing neighboring panel,
And these, with a corprous peacock's Seather
And a Japanese fan all lang tovether
With the new autheric cat talk

### The Little Beggar's Buttonhole Bouquet. From the St. Nicholas.

'T was on a bitter winter's day, I saw a strange, pathetic light; The streets were gloomy, cold, and gray. The air with inling snow was white.

A little rarged begfar child Went running thro' the cold and storm; He looked as it he never smiled, As if he never had been warm, Sudden, he spied beneath his feet A faded puttenhole bouquet; Trampled and wet with rain and closs, Witnesed and worthless, there it isy.

He bounded, seiged it with delight, Stood still and shook it free from mow; Into his cost he pinned it tight, His eves it up with sudden glow.

He sanntered on, all pleased and profid. His tace transformed in every line: And invered that the burrying crowd Might chance to see that he was fine. The man who threw the flowers away

Never o e-half such pleasure had; The flowers' best work was done that day in cheering up that beggar lad.

Ah me, toe often we forget, Happy in these good homes of ears, How many in this world are yet Glad even of the withered flowers.

# From the Cuttage Hearth.

The tide goes out and the tide comes in, And gulls ham whitely about the shore, Our ears grow used to the water's die, and we heed the birds' quaint flight no more.

The roses bfoom and the roses fade.
The green leaves wither and brown and fall;
The brook from its sid-time course has strayed.
And what does it matter, after all? We cather moss from the rolling waves,

And so with friends that are dear and true-We love them, ay! with a love like flame

We put the thought of their love away— A picture, flower, a ring, a book; We breathe a prayer that they used to pray, and shrine in our hearts a tender look.

But redder roses shall come with spring, Sweeter and larger than these by far; And new, bright mostes the waves will bring, A fresh face shine for our beacon star.

So what does it count that the sun goes do wn. That wares roll out, and the roses tall. That spellus close over smile or frown? Ay! what does it count us, after all?

### A Deleful Ballad of a Collar Stad.

From Harper's Baser. The dance begins at half past eight, And Charley's late and in a flatter; Bis toolet hust be very swell.

And quite to all extremely utter; Bis very hurry makes him slow, Because he knows he mustin't linear—When suddenly his collar stud.

Sings from between his thumb and finger.

It must have failen on the floor;
He stoops and bonts, but cannot find it;
Ferhaps it tolled beneath the bed,
And hales away secure behind it.
It vain he creets on hands and knees,
Around each bed post feeling, peering:
The sting in swhere to be found.
And half past eight is quickly nearing.

He searches every inch of floor,
in every crack and crevice poking;
The little yame of his and-seek
is now a matter not for joking.
'Is half past eight—'is nine o'clock;
He caused wast another minute;
He rises to the crisis then,
Exclaiming—happy thought—'Pi pin it!"

Bis tollet now is soon complete,
And to the dance our Charley hurries.
Alse his recular's planned awry;
His face shows traces of his worries;
Be has supprious of his bair.
And dreading doubts about the parting—
Forgotten to consuct the glass
In all the flarry of late starting.

He finds that all the prettiest girls
have been engaged for all the dances;
frows but and red to find frimesh.
The object of derivate glances.
The row of wallflowers round the room—
some thin, some fat and mostly fadde-

Some thin, some fat, and mostly No consulation can afford To seelings so intensely laded. But yet conceaning his chaggin (For a hariny stall was fithe boldest). He put a look of courage on. An a chose the thinnest and the oldest. As a single been a sweet sixteener; But when he took her to her set. His heart in secret best wrener.

He took her out to supper too.

And gave her wine and cake and ices.
And sought to pass the time away.
With many commonplace devices.
Relieved was he when all broke up. And one by one the guests departed.

And to his chember he returned

As dull and wretched as he started.

But later, sitting in his room, in me anothery meet under sing, An exchanation passed his life. That one would hardly call a blessing; And as the cause of all his work. Popped immorently from his stocking, His language was I grieve to acky Too quite unutterably shocking;

From Dearon Richard Smith's Continuati Gasette Belubbed, de world's a pretty hard place Ef yer hasn's not plenty of cash, But ebbery one says, "What a beautiful face!" When dey sees yer dimins flesh. Bon' yer see!

When a man's hones' an' like wise poor.
He hasn't no sort ob a show;
He will be druy to de wall, for sure.
For dat man's vulgar an' low.
Don' yer see!

Now, of your pocket is werry well filled.
An' you owns into oblian',
Although yer honor has all been spitted,
Dey'll take yer by de han'
Don' yer me!

De good Lord He looks inter de soul
An' incider axis it ver rich;
He eavs, says He. "Ef yer wholesome an' whole,
My kingdom is made ob sich."
Den' yer see! Den you muss choose putty quick, my iad, For dethil or Lord muss hab yer; De Lord. He wants yer awful bad, De debbil stan's ready to grab yer. Don' yer see!

What de angele forebber dwell,
Den trabbel in style, ch, what a pitr!
On de downhill road to hell.
Don' for med

security through first in another, are risk for the state of the state methods of worship under the auspiess of that
We dismount in front of the church, Over
the wails opposite and in the court large tamarisk and unsertees give their cool shade: Dirds,
rore area here. If yand twitter, while the being
to prayer upon this sweet Sabbath morning.
While waiting for the custodian, we examine
the plants which cling to the old wails and the
Arabic arther of the large diffice but cannot adin the westbule. Some Armenian characters,
likely the Lord's Prayer, are written over the
archwar—a common usage in the East. Standing under the porch are solid boarie of wood
answer for belle! The stones of the pave are
worn gloss by time and pilicrims. This convent and church was founded 500 years ago, by
God the control of the control of the convent and church was founded 500 years ago, by
God the control of the control
and the cite Armenian Christians bought; it
in 500 years go, Next to that of the Holy Somiclere, this is the largest church in the city. The
Armenian school is here, and we hear the
bessons as we await the appearance of the
warder with the church key, it does not come,
and we are disappointed, not because we fall to
see the rich vestments of the extravazant picstall to be out-weight and birthy; colored as to be
barbarie, for it must be recollected that Armenians are Astatics. But we did want to bear
home to friends a mental brotograph of the
content ourselves with going into the convent
and through its corridors. Within its wanted
and capacious rooms there is an extensive
premises. We were allowed to go upon the flat
and stony roof of the convent. From it we look
down on the barracter, who call the work
of the sequilater, who call wanted to
the very midst to Mount Zion proper
—we look to the other mounts which make
Jersalies as one should be a subject to the
normal of the subject of the waits, we meet a
company of Circassian and easi to the north
and company of Circassian and easi to the hordmin and of the subject of the stall and
alone of the special counts of the sub

of Solomon!
Returning then to Zion's gate, we find a colored brother and a brown Arab boy playing cards. There is quite a throng at this rate. We are stopped, and have time to note that it is We are stopped, and have time to note that it is tricked out in piaces with gandy paint. Its pillars are daubed red and green. One donkey boy gets into a meide with a crowd of largard donkeys and horses and their drivors. He let his stick have full play on other people's beasts, and his tengue on the people. "What does the young Arab say?" I inquire of the guide. "It is an expression here. "Why don't you go on like people!" Sursenough, my young turban, why not?

Then we go to the door where Peter knocked.

young Arath and ? I impulse of the guille. The same spression here. Why don't you go on like people? Sure enough, my young turban, why not?

I hen we go to the door where Peter knocked, with the weak of the same and the manter, with a sounding transming back, announced to the friends of the manter, with it is sounding borris as keep it. I has curious green gates and crosses. We go through the Jewish quarter, into the old Syrian church, with its sounding borris as an animal street, it is a sign, "Though the services. I the animals of the same of centuries between Non-femilian street." I not a street, it is an animal of the same of centuries between Non-femilian sounding from the Lutheran charlest for the Kapping Sunday, we meet many Germans coming from the Lutheran charlest for the Kapping Time cheery, cherry faces and bright the spice of this race are in ratinal contrast with the sallow and bronzed femilies. They are addicted mineral to the chart of the Sunday in Judea. They worship here in the old site of the Temple of the Kinghts of S. John. The grounds and ruins are adjacent on the south to the Charter of the Sunday in Judea. They worship here in the old site of the Temple of the Kinghts of S. John. The grounds and ruins are adjacent on the south to the Charter of the Sunday in Judea. They worship here in the old site of the Temple of the Kinghts of S. John. The grounds and ruins are adjacent on the south to the Charter of the Pening of the American and the same of the south of the court of the chart of the south the

A Sunday in Jerosalem—Tomb of David—The Creeffixion and Sepuichre.

JERUSALEM, Oct. 19.—Our excursions about this city last a haif day each; but how much is compressed in these two haives! They require that we should be up early and come home after nightfall. The mornings and even-home after nightfall and the nightfall and the n

# I know not where His islands lift Their fronded palme in air; I only know I calmot drift Beyond His love and care.

It is meet that we should close our Sabbath here and thus. We throat the ria dolorose homeword, pendering the problems of this life, which these scenes, however wondrous, only serve to make more recondite to the finite tailed. Aims! we can see only in part. Here in Large at the control of t Jerusalem it may be said, with more meaning than elsewhere in the world. "From mystery to mystery." S. S. Cox.

From the Chicago Tribune. "Do you love me, Reginald?" The supper given by Stayvesant McGuire in honor of the nineteenth tirthday of his only child was ever, and the spacious parlors were lined with the younger portion of the assemblage. Reginald Misicahev and Aphrodite McGoire had been goding through the soft, sensious measures of a Strauss waiter and as they music ceased, they had struled into the dimir lighted conservatory, where, as they sat with classed hands, her pure, sweet

face tooking lovingly into his, the question with which our story opens had been asked.

"Do I lave you, her ittle one?" respected Reginald. "Do I have you, now tith one?" responded Reginald.

"Your least that americal and ever variant minitur of the wall, must the you in words are plainer than any atterance of mice that without the inspiration of your over my life would be as dreamy and almost such education of your over my life would be as dreamy and almost such education of your over my life would be as dreamy and the days drift weathy by without one cleam of light to the first weathy by without one cleam of light to the first weathy by without one cleam of light to the first weathy of without one cleam of light to the first weathy of without one cleam of light to the first weath and of the whole weather of the manual in which will such as a later of the weath and of the majorite which was a section with the story of the weath annual in the will be an income that the contract of the weath annual in the will be an income that the contract of the light of the weath annual in the will be an income that the contract of the life of the weath annual in the will be an income that the contract of the life of the weath annual in the life of the life of the weath annual in the life of the life of the weather was considered as a few contract of the life of the weather was the life of the life

### CATTLE RESTAURANTS.

### A New Invention for Getting Live Stock to

Mr. Alfred D. Tingley of the Humane Live Stock Express Company, 2 Wall street, has invented a scheme which he thinks will put a stop to the present inhuman system of sending esttie long distances without food or water and slaughtering them while in the unfit condition caused by this treatment. Formerly he invented a feed car, which was tried, but was not a success. The grain and water were placed on the roof, and passed down by pipes when required; but the troughs in the crowded cattle cars got dirty, and the animals refused to eat out of them. An attempt was then made to substitute cars with compartments, so as to keep

out of them. An attempt was then made to substitute cars with compartments, so as to keep the cartle separate out this rendered the cars unfit for any other purpose on the return trip, and was abandoned.

Mr. Tingley's present scheme is a simple one. It is to establish a number of "cattle restaurants along onch line of railroad that transperts livestock. They will be 200 miles apart, and the cattle can be feel and watered every twelve hours. When a train with a load of cattle on board gats within twenty miles of one of these restaurants a telegram will be sent to the officer in charge, and when the train arrives everything will be in readiness. Great from enter, about as large as, and something of the shape of, a good-sized kitchen pot, will contain food and water, run into them through rubber hipes from tanks above. The train will stop between two rows of these troughs, those on one side containing water, and those on the other side holding four quarts of food, consisting of a mixture of ground corn, oats, and cut hay. Each car will have sixteen openings on each side, all of which can be easily closed when the car, which need be nothing more taan an ordinary cattle car, such as is at present used, is required for other purposes on the return trip, into each of these openings a trough with food or water will be pushed by monus of a sliding har upon which it rests. It will move forward to the ear direct, or sideways, as may be required to reach the opening, the side motion being accomplished by which it is onshel forward accompanying. The flexible rubber tubestrough which the food and water passes will, of yourse, offer no resistance. Mr. Tingley has in his office a model of a restaurant.

Yesterday afternoon an Enquirer reporter parts visit to Naid 8 at thester In.A. The object of calling than the Union wis to settle a range that got affects the effects of the object of calling the object of the test of the object of the obj

"Has she any tremble left from her Hartford accident?" "Has she any tremble left from her Hartford accident?"

Notice is the least.
"What was the extent of that accident, anyhow?"

"I am of the opinion that there was no accident at all. The mare had a swelling in one of her legs the day before she left flart ord for Chicanant. She was on the way two or three day and by the time she got here the swelling had chically daspit and and the mare has not been allowed in the same. I think that Mand had a sight touch of the grakese."

"When we win the working of the mare commence, Mr. Phintps."

Phatps?" "About the 1st of January."

# A Prayer Cured Bride.

# Almost a Paule Created by a Mouse.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. A highly amusing scene was witnessed at the A highly amusing stone was witnessed at the activate of Masse matters. Assuming addition the last set while the Tally Backet relations and the Tally Mail's series should be able to the Assample of the Assample of the Mail's series should be the Assample of the Assample

# Story With a Marai Rend Your Hible.

From the Sprawe Healt.
Since 1874 the County Treasurer has yearly

# Prom the Soil Lide Printers.

Miss Benson learned that Empfell, who was so air her at N and series, areals and a size. She welfed in this make a hours, propose of matriage, and have so the Shant in a charge at Lance of the Shant in a charge at Lance is except the transfer of the state of the st

### Cruzed by Rate. Francis Philadelphia Trees.

Fig. Nov. 29.—George Firmers, aged 9 was accommonly have 3 m a count for his feet to bar, and near the first to be a substantial for the feet and the first to be fought for example for a deciding the feet and extended a deciding that we call the first that the feet of the first that probably deprived him of his reason.